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THE PILOT OF SAINT PETER'S BARK.

Tumultuous whirlwinds roll the foaming brine,
Their direful might the watery mountains sways
And furrows ruinous valleys. Surges graze
The rocky bottom; on their crests consign
The skiff anon, and to the gloomy shrine
Of clouds toss it aloft. But hope decays
Not in the boatmen's breasts, though o'er their gaze
The fire-breathing sky their end design.

For, ah! the white-robed Pilot points above,
Pope, Leo, aged in paternal love:

"The Star of Hope, it greets from yonder sky,
Religion called. Cry to the Lord, my son,
He sleepeth not, but from his throne on high
He will descend and calm the sea anon."

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.



ESSAYS OF ELIA.

WITH Milton we associate his immortal epic, *Paradise Lost*. The two we combine until we only use one as a synonym of the other. With Shakespeare, we associate his plays; with the lyric poets, Keats and Shelley, their beautiful and soul inspiring odes and sonnets. In short, every author in English literature is recognized and read as such on account of this or that of his distinguished work, which considered as a product, born of his mind and of its superior merits, has been entitled to take its place and be inscribed in the pages of literature. Such are the *Essays of Elia* to which Charles Lamb owes his reputation as an author. I do not wish to imply that these essays are to be ranked with the epics or even with the minor works of the epic writers, but that as a humorist and moralist he can, without any strange feelings of being out of his sphere, take his place beside the humorists, Addison and Steele. In his more agreeable and serener moods, he acquaints the reader with trials and their remedies, till then unknown to him, and lets him take a glance at the more pleasant side of life for which he acknowledges his indebtedness and feels grateful to the author for it. "All the world loves a lover," and it may be said with equal propriety that it also loves a humorist. For what is a humorist but a lover, a helper of mankind? He is to a man's heart tormented by a "dose of blues" as a bright sunbeam is to a sickroom, an alleviator of his

gloom and a powerful talisman in dispelling this oppressing phantom. Who does not feel himself a lighter and a happier man after perusing some of the humorous excrescences of our own Mark Twains and Bill Nyes? The moralizing character of Lamb's wit and humor is not to be compared to these, yet its effects are as striking and instantaneous, which obliges us to love and admire its sad quaintness.

Everyone, no doubt, is familiar with the story of the Chinese, their pigs and also their manner of roasting them. Lamb concludes this part of the narration in his own characteristic way. "Thus the custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time a sage arose like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later. I forgot in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind." In his essays on "Chimney Sweepers", "Poor Relations" and "Roast Pig", we find him at his best. Egotistical and outspoken in all his variety of essays, he shows no affectation in telling us how fond he is of this last-named delicacy. As he himself says. "I make my stand upon pig." In his essay on "Ears" he says that he has no ears! but immediately adds—"Mistake me not, nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking)

handsome volutes to the Roman capital. I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers. But when therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean for—*music!*”

In his “Grace before Meat” he justly says that “to be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion, is to add hypocrisy to injustice,” which may oftentimes be aptly applied to ourselves.

What the reader mostly admires in the Eliau essays is their striking incongruity. “April Fool’s Day,” “Roast Pig”, “Modern Gallantry”, “Poor Relations”, “A Bachelor’s Complaint Against Married People”, serve to show the artist’s certainty of touch. As we read them and mark the easy flow of language we cannot but imagine them to have been

“Born, unchanged from the author’s mind.”

Neither does he succeed in removing this impression from our minds, even when he himself writes that “they were futile efforts, wrung from him with slow pain.” The principal charm which hangs about these essays is the freshness and originality with which he clothes homely and insignificant scenes and subjects. To have been commonplace on such themes would have predicted certain failure, as it requires a master hand that certainly was his. His description of the “Quaker’s Meeting” is an excellent proof of him as a colorist. It may be called a study in white, as that of the “Chimney Sweepers” is one in black. After de-

scribing at length the Quakers and their habits, he concludes:—"The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil, and cleanliness in them, to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily, and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the "Shining Ones". As a contrast I quote from the "Chimney Sweepers". "I like to meet a sweep. One of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek. I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—these young Africans of our own growth."

These Essays of Elia, however, are not without faults and blemishes. We cannot peruse them without being perplexed and even irritated at his vague and constant allusions to persons and things, which may perhaps have been well understood and appreciated by his contemporaries, but the intended jest and wicked covert thrust is now lost and the relish gone. Another fault to be found with frequent recurrence in Lamb's writings is his fondness for falsification. "What does Elia care for dates?" he exclaims, and indeed he totally disregards them. A love for compounding facts and fiction in one perplexing whole, a wicked delight in confounding romance with reality, that seems more malice than carelessness. Lamb is said to have done more than any other individual in removing the Johnsonian pomp-

ousness of terms from the English language, but such creations as, *sciential*, *cognition intellectuals*, *agnize*, *arride*, and the like, do not seem to fully confirm this. Lamb knew Milton and the great dramatists, Fletcher and Massinger, almost by heart, yet for all this he never quotes them (which he does very often) without changing and adapting their lines to suit his own whims. A good example of Lamb's habit of constructing a quotation out of his general recollection of a passage may be found in his "Quaker's Meeting" in which describing a Quaker's meeting he allies it to silence, and quotes:

"How reverend is the view of these hushed heads
Looking tranquillity."

The lines he had in his mind are from "Congreve's Mourning Bride," Act II, Scene I.

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads.
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof
By its own weight, made steadfast and immovable
Looking tranquillity."

In spite of these and many other faults, Lamb will continue to be read by highly-cultured people with renewed delight and admiration.

FELIX DIDIER, '04.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick, look down upon Erin so fair!
Behold, she is pining in sorrow and care.
In bondage and weeping her beauty is gone,
Her lyre is silent, her blushes have flown.
Thy thralldom and anguish are sorrow to me;
O Erin, my country, when wilt thou be free?

In spirit I see the deliverer come,
 He'll free thee, my country, fa'r Erin, my home
 Yea, he'll unfurl the bright banner on high.
 Embrace, then, this hope and cease, Erin, to sigh!
 Thy thralldom and anguish are sorrow to me;
 O Erin, my country, when wilt thou be free?

St. Patrick will clothe thee in beautiful green,
 Will give thee a lyre thou never hast seen.
 Oh, sing then again the sweet anthems of yore;
 Then Freedom shall kiss thee, when foes are no more.
 Thy thralldom and anguish are sorrow to me:
 O Erin, my country, when wilt thou be free? X. J.

SING.

Sing while the light of thy life is still shining,
 Sing while the sky is resplendent and blue :
 Sing ere in suff'ring thy forces are pining,
 Sing like the lark rising up from the dew.
 Sing, and the spirit of sadness will flee thee,
 Sing, and sweet joy will enrapture thy heart :
 Song from the prison of sorrow will free thee,
 Sing, and the fiends from thy dwelling depart.
 Sing, to whom ever a voice has been given,
 Sing when the morning desperses the night :
 Sing when the Day-star glows high in the heaven,
 Sing when the Moon treads her path-way of light :
 Sing not alone when thy heart is all merry,
 Sing when thy spirit is clouded with woe,
 Sing when the tempests arrive in a hurry,
 Sing when with passions thy heart is aglow.
 Sing, and the Fates that thy future are spinning
 Will break the dark net they already have spun :
 Sing, and when Death's horrid faces are grinning,
 Receive him with song, and—his terror is gone.

J. A. H.

KNOWLEDGE.

“Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men,

Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,

The mere materials with which wisdom builds.”

—Cowper.

In the common and natural course of human things all objects and conceptions have been named. The term knowledge has been applied to many attainments, but especially to those operations of which the mind is a factor; the operations of the imagination and of memory. In its broadest sense it is applied to erudition and scholarly attainments in general; sometimes to wisdom, occasionally to careful discretion and wise judgment.

Knowledge must not be confounded with wisdom. Wisdom is opposed to folly, and the wise man is opposed to the fool. Knowledge is opposed to ignorance, and the learned man is opposed to the ignorant. A man may be learned, but he may not be wise; whence the saying, “A wise and learned man.” The wise man may and will turn and mould knowledge with the tool of discretion and sound sense. The learned man may and can become wise; wisdom is also looked upon as the director of a man’s life and morals. Wisdom is often used in the Scriptures as a synonym of piety and holiness, and God is called ‘Wisdom’ and the ‘All-wise’. Thus if knowledge be tempered and directed by wisdom, it will serve its proper end; and to be trained thus, the young man attends schools and institutions of good repute.

The main ends of knowledge are; first, to know God and become aware of his Divine Providence and great precepts; secondly, to know ourselves and be able to fulfil our terrestrial vocation; thirdly, to teach others the Divine truths. In the latter we may include the refutation of the follies that assault us from every side. "Knowledge is that which next to virtue essentially raises one man above another."

Knowledge seems to be placed in man alongside with the great natural law of God. It is one great criterion by which we know that man was primarily endowed with graces above the natural. It shows that he has been deprived of something. Heaven is supposed to consist of the pleasures of the mind, so we may infer from the desires of the mind. The mind enjoys things above the material, it delights in the pleasures of the sublime and beautiful, in the contemplation of ideal things; to enjoy these it must either be naturally gifted with knowledge, or it must acquire it gradually. Many of our great paintings and works of art are images of the ideal. Knowledge engages all the faculties of the mind: the imagination, to form an idea; the memory, to retain this idea; the reason and understanding to judge; and consciousness, to know that we have retained it or understood it, which is essentially knowledge. Thus when we think of things above the natural, of God and the truths taught by Divine revelation, we advance to the highest pitch of intellectual perfection possible for man, then we operate only with the mind, which has nothing in common with the material,

with the exception of things which it must grasp by analogy. Man is therefore at his grandest when with a plentiful store of knowledge he ponders over the great natural and supernatural truths in the bright light of Divine Providence and Meditation afforded him by his Holy Religion.

To obtain and understand the second end of knowledge, it must be directed to the regulation of life and morals, and as the regulation of our life and morals will decide our future state, Shakespeare aptly says:—

“Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing with which we fly to Heaven.”

Knowledge *must* make us better men, if regulated by wisdom and the Divine laws, for the better we know God the better men we will be. To know one's self is the first sign of a wise man—

“That virtue only makes our bliss below
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.”

Thus also had the ancients applied the saying, ‘Know thyself.’ But knowledge is often and more than ever in these days, when “Progress is the order of the age,” used for evil purposes. When however knowledge is directed against the source of all knowledge, God Himself, then knowledge is not worthy of the name, and certainly is devoid of wisdom. The man that endeavors to prove the non-existence of God on every occasion, cannot bear scrutiny; he is a withered branch of learning, a vagabond in the intellectual circles, because his aim is to destroy the source of wisdom and of all knowledge.

‘Knowledge is power’, says Bacon, and in-

deed the truth of the phrase is not unknown. Scanning the pages of history or observing the many happenings of our own time, we see men rise to the highest ranks by their knowledge alone. Knowledge next to virtue is the greatest factor in the government of the world. A ruler that has no knowledge must employ a man that possesses it to govern his domains.

The best use as also the noblest in which knowledge can be employed, is in the teaching of our fellow-men; to lead them on in the path of virtue and to prevent them from violating justice. The ancient philosophers of Greece and Rome were hated because they opposed vice and injustice, because by sound reasoning they knew it to be wrong to oppress the poor and ignorant and to oppose virtue.

That knowledge may be profitable it must be thorough and must be imbibed at the fountain-head of truth. A man cannot be learned if he "sips of many arts and drinks of none".

The acquisition of knowledge is the best means of knowing ourselves, be it through study, intuition or by experience. The first precept of the ancient teachers was 'Know thyself'. Socrates knew this to be the test of a wise man when he stated before the Athenian judges, "I alone of the Greeks know that I know nothing." "The only difference between a fool and a wise man is, that the former knows not that he is a fool, and the latter thinks he is a fool or an ignoramus," are the words of an ancient sage.

Dr. Johnson says, "The seed of knowledge

may be planted in solitude, but must be nourished in public;" that is, book-lore must be tempered with the opinion of our fellow-men. It is the great folly of some peoples' entire lives to sit in solitude for years pondering over black-letter and histories of by-gone days, not looking nor caring for the progress of their own time. Such people after acquiring a vast store of knowledge come forth from their cells imagining that the world will fall to their feet in astonishment "that such a little head could carry all they know". But they are often sadly disappointed and stand aghast as Rip Van Winkle did before the crowd of voters, wondering how the world had changed.

I. A. Wagner, '04.

ST. JOSEPH.

Great Saint, what means the lily in thy hand?

It is the emblem of bright purity,

Untouched by Satan's guile. God watched o'er thee;

For when the Son of God came to this land

Of sin and woe, He followed thy command;

Like other children smiled in thine embrace,

And looked with tenderness into thy face,

Disclosed His mysteries, sublime and grand.

And when the day approached that thou must die,

With filial love above thy form He bent.

With words of solace thee to Limbo sent.

And after He for us His blood had shed,

He from the grave rose, first-born of the dead,

Thou didst ascend with Him up to the sky.

There thou dost sit beside Our Lady's throne,

Crowned with the merits thou on earth hast sown.

Thou gracious Saint, our Patron glorious;

Look down upon thy clients, pray for us!

X. J.

MORN-DAY-EVE.

His fiery thread the Sun
Round all the earth had spun,
And the smiling child of morn
With its beauties is reborn.

With armies numberless
He storms night's drowsiness,
And, having breached her wall,
He tears to shreds her pall.

*

The sweetest hour of prime 's drown'd,
The Sun in glorious vict'ry crown'd,
A ray of blinding splendor sent
To fill with light the azure tent.

His scepter of golden beams
Doth cast on earth its gleams;
And thus the King of Day
Rules all upon his way.

* *

Adown the heavenly hill,
He hies with wonderous skill,
And leaves the burning sky
Through empty space to fly.

Behind th' ethereal sail,
He flings his tawny veil,
The starry regions dyeing red,
And o'er earth his blush is shed.

* * *

Thus man when in his prime,
And thus when mature in time,
Thus when his tottering age
Reflects his finished page.

M. BODINE, '05..

AMBITION.

"The ruling passion be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."—Pope.

Every man is a little kingdom in himself in which the elements from which nature formed him are continually waging a war for supremacy. His very nature inspires him to elevate his mind above the common level. Is it not ennobling of man to know that he alone of all God's material creation possesses a soul whose numerous faculties extend themselves to such wondrous capabilities that enable him to soar in spirit in the Creator's immeasurable universe and contemplate its admirable mechanism? Will not the knowledge of such inherent powers stimulate his latent desires and rouse his aspiring mind to action? This aspiration of the mind which every man more or less possesses we call *ambition*. It is a feeling of the mind to excel and to accomplish great things.

There are different degrees of ambition, but a certain degree every man possesses; for, a man without ambition is a man without purpose; and a man without purpose scarcely deserves the noble name of a man. There are principally two kinds of ambition: a sublime ambition—that insatiable and restless striving after knowledge, truth, and eternal felicity in a just and noble manner; and wild ambition—that insatiable and inordinate desire of honor, power and self aggrandizement.

This second kind of ambition, which shall be considered, is a passion even more baneful in its

consequences to him who is addicted to it than any other passion; for ambition is the embodiment of many characteristics common to the other passions, such as pride, anger and envy. The evils of rash ambition are numberless. How many are the minds that ambition has brought to a disastrous end! Every country is marked with the sad monuments of disastrous ambition. But is not ambition a necessity? "Without it the world would be a filthy settled mud," says a learned writer. True enough, but that ennobling and sublime ambition which builds up, alone is indispensable in the world; ambition which, in the end, tears down what has been built, furthers not prosperity.

In order to form a clear idea of ambition and see what its effects are upon the mind, picture to yourself a ruler who is a slave to this passion. His looks, first of all, betray him. There is no cheerfulness in his whole appearance. His countenance is set; his eyes, 'the windows of the soul,' generally staring into vacancy, reveal his inward disposition. When he has set his mind on an object he will not consult his reason or better judgment; he must have it; he will do it; and none of his advisers dare remind him of the unlawfulness or unpracticableness of such an action. He will not bear being contradicted; his will is law, and woe to him who dares interpose. There is no right or wrong with him; everything is right that serves his purpose. His power and authority must be increased; and when he has increased it, not looking to the unlawfulness of the means employed, he is not satisfied still. He will leave nothing undone

to satisfy his rude passion, cost what it may. But will he ever satisfy it? Had he the world even that would not content him. Think of thy end—ambitious man; *six feet of earth will be sufficient for thee!*

For historical illustrations we need but recall the familiar names of Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar in Ancient History; and in Modern, Cromwell and Napoleon. These historical personages stand so prominent that they deserve to be well studied.

Considering the magnitude and rapidity of his exploits, perhaps no prince ever deserved better the name of 'Great' than Alexander, if such exploits alone suffice to render a man great.

But if we consider on the other hand, what actuated him in all his undertakings, what unreasonable principles he followed in carrying misery and bloodshed into so many countries, then the appellation of 'Great' in addition to the name 'Alexander' serves more as a reminder of the great conqueror's ambition than of his nobler qualities. Such also in substance is our opinion of the above mentioned personages. Students of history well know the evil effects which were caused during the life and even after the death of these men by the exercise of their unbounded ambition.

When we read of the uncommon deeds of men like these, we cannot help being struck with a certain awe of their vastness; but simultaneously when we call to mind the motives under which they were undertaken, we cannot fail to hear, as it were, intermingled with the deeds themselves, a cry not

unlike that of offended Justice. The mind feels a certain satisfaction in hearing this cry and looks with a longing eye to the time when the offender shall be brought to justice. And when it sees that justice finally falls on the head of the base culprit, it rejoices and does not pity him in his destruction. Every one feels that justice will have her dues and that the ambitious especially are her target. All the records show that this has been the case. Was not Alexander the Great taken away in his very prime in the midst of his success and at a time when he meditated still greater projects than all his preceding ones? Did not Julius Caesar fall at the point of the assassins' daggers when he was about to grasp the royal diadem? The like fate also overtook Cromwell and Napoleon; the one died when in the zenith of his glory amidst the greatest fears of being assassinated; the other died in obscurity after he had seen all his vast conquests taken away from him and he himself had been banished to a small rocky island. Besides, even when they were in the height of success not one of them can be said to have enjoyed real happiness. This is truly a just recompense, for true happiness springs only from a clear conscience. Shakespeare well portrays the fruit of ambition in these lines:

“Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.”

Ambition, moreover, is very detrimental in its effect upon society. Where ambition reigns

there concord cannot dwell. The ambitious man is an egotist of the first class, and as such is a bane to society at large. In an individual ambition leads to crime and all sorts of disorders; for, blinded by his passion, he no longer consults his reason to regulate his actions, but suffers himself to be dragged along without the least resistance. In nations ambition shows its evil effects on a wider scale. Here it invariably causes war with all its attendant evils. Here it is that we can form a true idea of the workings of this unrestrained passion. There is perhaps no nation or country that does not bear some scar of wounds inflicted by that cruel monster.

Having considered in part its evil consequences, what means should best be employed to regulate this passion? Like all other passions of the soul, when too deeply rooted they become ungovernable, and then only supernatural help aided by a firm will-power can succeed in checking it. Ambition is like the flooded stream which we prevent from spreading over the country by banking the side channels. If you will prevent a conflagration put out the spark. So also with ambition; control it in its first stages. But a well regulated ambition,—that sublime longing after knowledge and noble accomplishments, an ambition that has a nobler end in view than the mere acquisition of unstable power and glory, is a fair plant which, when found growing in the soft earth of the aspiring youth's heart, calls for the greatest care and diligence. Would that more of the youths of our day were actuated by a noble ambition; the world might change for the better! R. H. MONNIN, '03.

THE WELL IN PORTUGAL.

There is a well in Portugal,
Most wondrous things of it are told:
Bend down your ear, and you will hear
The bells as solemnly they're tolled.

You hear strange and familiar sounds;
The moaning billows of the main,
As they surge angry, topped with foam,
As if to rend the coast in twain.

You hear the sweetest, choicest strains
Of soul-enchancing harmonies;
You hear the lovely songs of birds,
You hear the lisping in the trees.

For days and weeks the people tried
The well with sand and stone to fill,
And gravel, many a hundred load,—
The wondrous sounds are ringing still.

* * *

The human heart is like this well.
It gives delightful melodies
Of chiming bells and organ-tones,
A song of love that never dies.

Fill thou it up with pleasures all,
With glory, silver, fame and gold,
With all delights the world can yield,
With earthly joys a hundredfold.

You still can hear the yearning sighs
The soul to God is utt'ring forth;
He can alone thy soul replete,
For He outweighs all wealth on earth.

THE CRIPPLED PAINTER OF THE WOOD.

ALREADY at the dawn of spring-time the country along the Rhine bursts into a prolific vegetation. Then the people begin to cultivate their vineyards and to till the soil, and the joyous shepherd drives his flocks into the neighboring plains, where they pasture on the rich products of the land. Generally the age of these shepherds is in either extreme of life.

Bordering on an extensive wood, lay the fenceless grounds where the old shepherd Reynold—so tradition has it—loved to pasture his flock. Though approaching the evening of life, though bodily strength was slowly but surely giving way beneath the weight of years, he retained the sprightly character of his youth. He was crippled too, for a wooden support served as left leg. After his body had thus been mangled by an unhappy incident while felling trees, he had devoted considerable time to drawing and painting, that he might avoid the tedium of leisure hours in after life. Later in life he had become totally unqualified for hard manual labor, and at that time had offered his services to a rich peasant, Mr. Valentine, at whose house he subsequently boarded, and whose flocks he herded for a sum that scarcely acquired for him the necessaries of life. Owing to these circumstances, Reynold was called by all the neighborhood “Crippled Painter of the Wood.” Tending his flock required little care, for that

charge was taken by a faithful, well-trained dog. Hence Reynold found many a leisure moment for his favorite occupation of drawing or even of painting.

It was a beautiful morning in early spring. The feathered inhabitants of the woods, nature's choir, were caroling their morning hymn. The plains were robed in green and the sun was shedding his golden splendor over the scene. While loitering about his flock, Reynold's eyes wandered dreamingly over the adjacent dales and distant mountains, over the waving woods and meadows, when he suddenly seemed to awake as from a trance. Approaching one of the giant beeches, he planed and smoothened with a knife one side of its broad trunk, a work which nature had almost completed for him. Then taking a pencil, he commenced to draw with crude skill. When beginning he at times cast fugitive glances at his flock, and finding them always in good order, he pursued his work with increasing interest and finally with such a ravish that all about him was buried in oblivion. The drawing represented the Madonna with her Child. Beneath it were penned these lines:

“Bright Star of Hope, light up the doubtful way,
When in the night of earthly life astray
My footsteps turn; but lead me to the good,
The bright Eternal Sun, at dawn of day.
This asks the Crippled Painter of the Wood.”

Reynold's countenance beamed with emotion, as he contemplated the finished work. But this happy stillness of self-absorption was suddenly disturbed by the angry voice of his master. The shepherd

startled as the latter accosted him: "Is your old gray-head becoming childish again? For longer than half an hour the sheep are feasting their appetites on the young wheat and destroying the hope of our future crops, whilst you are wasting your time in such a silly occupation. Forsooth, what benefits can that piece of wood bring you!"

"I pray you, sir," replied Reynold, "despise not her whose image I have even now drawn. Contemning the Blessed Virgin is a sign of eternal perdition."

"O sancta simplicitas!" coarsely laughed Mr. Valentine, "ranting like a thirteenth century preacher! Be looking after your sheep, old gray-head, or your wooden leg must become exceedingly youthful and agile, if you wish to escape severe punishment. At present, remember that thirty dollars come to me for the incurred damages. Fail to pay it, and you lose your position and quit my house."

The speaker's severe tone and haughty bearing convinced Reynold that he did not merely threaten. He therefore hastened to his flock as quickly as his unhappy condition would allow. For some time Mr. Valentine's eye pursued the venerable form of the shepherd till it disappeared among the branches. "It is revolting," he soliloquized, while slowly wending his way homeward, "it is revolting to notice some old-fashioned people always loitering behind the common march of civilization. Preaching like a medieval monk, making one's ear ring with pious ejaculations,—fanatic spleens that are cramming his withered brain. For what is he and I and every man but what

scientists have proved him to be, an accidentally developed ape? Well, of course, he did not receive that thorough college education which fortune has allotted to me. She has not granted him the beacon lights of true science that illuminate the path to real knowledge.

Returning to our shepherd, we find him bringing together his strayed flock and driving them back to their proper pasture. For the first time his dog had been unfaithful, but that one time was sufficient to teach him a lesson. For the future, he resolved to leave paper and pencil at home. But what could that resolve benefit him now? It would not repair the damages, it would not pay the thirty dollars. Did his master's losses entitle him to such an amount? And if they did, were not his coffers sufficiently full, without replenishing them by the hands of an aged pauper? Yet, perhaps his master would relent, or at least some person be charitable enough to aid him in this distress.

Lost in such and similar thoughts the weary hours passed by, and Reynold commenced his homeward journey with a heavy heart. The brilliant sun above seemed the only creature that lavished her warmth with equal love on him and other men. He pensively watched the shadows on the ground, when he observed something very bright and scintillating in the sunshine. Approaching he picked up a yellowish metal partly covered with earth.—Gold!—Yes; indeed, it was gold, and no one had found it before him, though it was lying so openly. Treasures generally lie un-

concealed, he thought, and happy the man who finds them. Certainly this help in the hour of need must be the special aid of Heaven's Queen. With a leaping heart he now walked behind his flock. Having arrived at Mr. Valentine's house, he drove his sheep into their shambles with the greatest possible speed, and then hurried to his lord's apartment.

"I knew," he exclaimed when entering the room, "that she for whose honor I toiled would repay me amply. See, she has sent me more than sufficient!" he added in a thrilling voice, while laying the piece on the table. Mr. Valentine examined the offered metal for some moments, then flung it back with a contemptuous gesture, saying: "I did not ask for a piece of gold, but I asked you for thirty dollars. Have it exchanged. It is indeed worth more than thirty dollars," he concluded with a sneer, "and of course, I do not wish to cheat you. Leave me."

Reynold left the room highly perplexed at the answer. To whom should he apply?—Was there no friend of his in all the neighborhood?—Ah, yes! one, perhaps only one, Mr. Radman. He who had often presented him with pencils, colors and canvas for drawing and painting. Toward his dwelling he directed his steps.

Mr. Radman was quietly working at his desk when he heard someone knocking at the door. Having summoned the person to enter, Reynold stepped into the apartment. "Well, there is my dear Crippled Painter of the Wood," cried the gentleman at the desk, "and coming so late in the afternoon. What

urgent affair brings him here?" Reynold related all in his characteristic simple manner. "I do think," he concluded, "that the gold is worth more than thirty dollars, but I am satisfied if you only give me that amount in return. Gold can only embitter my descent into the grave." The speaker almost trembled when Mr. Radman subjected the piece to a severe scrutiny. "Its price indeed exceeds thirty dollars," said Mr. Radman with solemn emphasis, "I do not understand your master's thoughts when rejecting that offer." Then handing the painter the desired amount, the latter withdrew.

Darkness was already stealing into the chambers, when Reynold was again admitted into Mr. Valentine's room. He found him in the company of his greatest friend, Henry Fluss, the wealthiest citizen of the town. "Here are the thirty dollars," said Reynold while his hands deposited the sum on the table. "Thirty dollars!" shouted Mr. Valentine. "And how have you obtained them?" "Mr. Radman exchanged it for the piece of gold," was the simple reply. When hearing this, Mr. Valentine fell back into his chair and burst out into a loud contemptuous laugh, that made the poor cripple stare in amazement. "Another old-timer," he exclaimed, "for whom the current of civilization is flowing too fast. Of course, birds of a feather flock together, every fool delights in his own stock. But bless me, that gentleman attended college! Come, Henry," he continued sarcastically while turning to his companion in the room, "let us go to Mr. Radman's and give that straggler a

wisp of our modern 'straw' ideas."

Literally beside himself, Reynold scarcely perceived their departure, and when finally recovering from his astonishment he cared little whither they had gone. He was overjoyed at the happy termination of his troubles and he thanked the Queen of Heaven to whom he attributed the favor.

After a brisk walk the two men arrived at their destination. Hardly had they stepped over the threshold of Mr. Radman's private chamber, when Mr. Valentine commenced in his usual high-handed manner of address: "What whirls of business are dizzying your brain this afternoon? To mistake such a paltry metal for gold! Have you ever been a student of science? Why, sir, this worthless mineral is what chemists, lithologists, in fact scientists, call pyrite, fools' gold. Forsooth it is fools' gold", he grinned somewhat indistinctly through his teeth. "And you barter it for thirty dollars? You had better taken a post-graduate course in science."

Mr. Radman had viewed the speaker with a quiet, penetrating eye, and he now replied with dignified severity: "I indeed have studied in the sacred halls of a college. I, too, have been taught science, but science without its fallacies. I knew that the piece offered me by Reynold was no gold, but it was given as such, nay, a poor man thought he was giving me a treasure. And I have been taught besides science, that one favor is worth another; I have been taught that a kind heart is worth more than all gold, and for that priceless

jewel I gave the money; I was taught that it is better to lose a thousand dollars than cause an unnecessary tear on the face of stricken poverty. You may be an accidentally developed ape, as you claim; in fact your actions would suggest it, and your glorious ancestors would have much reason to feel ashamed of their marvelous offspring, if they could boast of possessing reason." As falsehood always sinks into cowardice before the manly appearance of truth, thus Mr. Valentine, though at first flushed with anger, felt so abashed at these words, especially since they were spoken in the presence of his greatest friend, before whom he wished to appear as a learned gentleman, that he left the room abruptly.

Tradition tells us nothing about his subsequent career in life, but it is said, that Mr. Radman's eyes were filled with tears, when some days later, visiting the tree on which Reynold had drawn the Madonna and Child, he read the following lines our cripple had added to the other stanza:

"The night was dark, I stared in Danger's eye:
Uncertainty was ghastly hov'ring nigh.
Then fell a ray, thy Angel's, where I stood.—
Oh, bless that Angel from thy hopeful sky!
This asks the Crippled Painter of the Wood."

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO.

—From the German by Graf v. Platen.—

On the night-air near Cosenza

Floats a nation's muffled moan;

From the waters wakes an answer

And in whirlpools breaks the groan.

Upward, downward on the river
Shadows move of Gothic pride,
Weeping o'er their peerless:
Alaric, their soul, had died.

Premature, from home far distant,
Iron Fate prepared his grave,
Though around the hero's shoulder
Youthful locks so proudly wave.

On the banks of the Busento
Rivalry the warriors led;
From their course to draw the billows
They prepare another bed.

Where the waters reared since ages,
They removed the heavy clay;
Down, deep down they sank the body
On the steed, in full array.

Covered with that clay as mantle
He and his proud treasure rest,
That the tender algar growing
From the hero's grave be blessed.

For a second time the waters
Promptly followed like a slave;
Angrily in their old basin
Foamed the torrent, dashed the wave.

And in chorus sang the warriors:
"On thy hero's laurel sleep!
Ne'er shall vilest Roman envy
Desecrate thee in this deep!"

Then they sang, and onward floated
Hymns of praise—'twas sorrow's fee.
Roll them, wave of the Busento,
Roll them on from sea to sea! Alumnus.

ITALY'S LAUREATE.

HIS WORK AS A POET.

(CONCLUDED.)

A twofold idea is the substructure of the work. It shows to us Dante the man, the politician, the patriot, the author, the lover of wisdom, the exile seeking a return to the happy hearth of his forefathers. This is contained in the letter of the diction. Beneath the letter lies the allegorical, the deeper signification. It is the representation of humanity from the cradle, through sin and purgation, hardships and sufferings, fighting sensitive and mental allotriophagies, through the dark portals of death into the hands of the Creator. This he has admirably accomplished in his journey through the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*.

On the journey through the *Inferno*, Virgil is his guide, whom Beatrice, upon the solicitation of the Blessed Mother, sends to him. Virgil is the representation of reason. Dante thereby wishes to show that even without revelation, man, following the dictates of his conscience and reason, can lead a virtuous life; not indeed a truly Christian, but such as upright heathens practiced, of whom Virgil is a fitting type. Man indeed could not be without a guide. The allurements surrounding him on all sides are too strong; the temptations are numberless; the very devil himself combats most vigorously and strategically for his ruin. Yet these men must conquer. Our poet next enters *Purgatorio*, still guided by Virgil—reason.

Here the possession of a nobler life is brought to its completion. Now he has arrived at the gates of *Paradiso*. Here Virgil delivers him to Beatrice, with whom on the firm wings of unfaltering faith he ascends to the empyrean's zenith, where true happiness and love reign forever before the face of the Most High.

This, in short, is Dante's passage through the three regions of the unseen world. Everywhere on his journey he meets with men of renown, both of times past and contemporaneous. These are the golden opportunities he grasps to discuss all subjects that are of interest to humanity. In theology he speaks with a distinct minuteness and acumen, with a piety and correctness, as if his were the supreme and dignified office of an expounder of God's word. In philosophical disquisition he employs the comprehensiveness of a St. Thomas; the distinctive acuteness and subtilty of a Don Scotus; in general knowledge a universality excelled only by a Blessed Albertus Magnus. History was to him a most familiar volume; from its pages he culled the most appropriate examples with ease and alacrity. In the natural sciences he was not backward; only a Roger Bacon was able to advance further. But especially in astronomy his lofty mind possessed a depth of ethereal knowledge and research not inferior to a Copernicus or Galileo. Thus we might enumerate all the sacred, profane and scientific branches in vogue in those days, and we would find Dante not only a scholar, but a peer. The sum total of all his knowledge is found in the *Divina Comedia*,

with this advantage, that here it is free from all abstruse terminology.

The allegorical character of the *Divina Comedia* has been frequently called into question. It has been maintained, but without sufficient reason, in fact, with no weighty proofs to support the theory, that Dante, in locating persons in the various regions of the unseen shore, was influenced by motives of hatred and revenge, by favoritism to Ghibelline partisanship. These accusations are unfounded. Dante judges not the personality, but the idea or sentiment, the virtue or vice, which are represented in these characters. Hence the conclusions cannot be attributed to Dante, he is only the instrument; judgment is passed by the eternal truth, by unimpeachable morality, by impartial history, by celestial Christianity. In general he scourges the Guelphs most severely, but they, by the terrible misfortunes, wars and bloodshed they brought upon the city, more than merited the chastisement administered to them by a voice crying to heaven for justice. On the other hand, the Ghibellines are not spared; they, too, receive their just meed of castigation. Nay more. Does he not record his own misdeeds? Does he not suffer the reproach thereof with docile humility? The fulness of this charge rests only on bigotted narrowmindedness; and it has never been made except by those who do not fully understand the piety and allegorical significance of

“The sacred poem that hath made
Both heav’n and earth co-partners in its toil.”

Though guided by disinterestedness the poet

fell into a snare that should have been avoided, while at the same time his conduct in the matter is not altogether reprehensible. He most severely reprimands the monks of those days. Herein he exceeded his just bounds. Indeed, in some places, they had grown lax in the observance of their holy rules, but not to such an extent as represented by the excited imagination of the poet. Dante's idea of monasticism was noble, dignified, to which all features of the reality did not correspond, hence his somewhat justifiable ire. On the other hand, when he turns to the praiseworthy side of the question, with what splendored magnificence does he not envelop the subject! One needs but read the exalted praises accorded to a St. Francis and a St. Dominic:

"One seraphic all
In fervency; for wisdom upon earth,
The other splendor of cherubic light."

Had our poet ceased his condemnation of ecclesiastics with this, all would have been well. But no. Not even the chair of Peter remains intact. The Pope-king too must receive a share of his resentment. Particularly many of the nine attacks made on Boniface VIII. and that on Celestine V. are unfounded. The canonization of the latter by the Church is sufficient to rectify his character. The light in which history represents the former does not always tally with Dante's descriptions. True, Boniface sent Charles of Valois to Florence; but that Charles turned traitor to his bounden duty is certainly not the fault of the Pope. This tribute history pays to Boniface VIII.:

“He was one of those favored men whose greatness of mind equals their talent, one of those strong men who understand their mission and go straight to their end with the unswerving steadiness of a heart moved only by the will of God.... Greatness of soul, a firm will, vast learning, skillful management—Boniface possessed all the qualities which make men great.” How could a shepherd whose devotion to the Church was boundless, place his own interest above those of his flock? How could he have interests of his own other than those of the Church? “Here is my head,” said the persecuted Pope to his French tormentors at Alagua; “I shall be too happy to shed my blood for the faith of Jesus Christ and in behalf of his Church.” Place parallel to this Dante’s account and no one can fail to see that in this instance the poet’s love of his country, ruined by the traitor’s hand, beheld the cause of the evil where it had never found a habitation, but where, on the contrary, peace and good-will reigned. In so far he is excusable.

Though in many passages he blames the Pope, he does not hesitate to stigmatize those who dared to lay guilty hands on this same anointed of the Lord. Thus he rebukes that infamous outrage perpetrated at Alagua:

“To hide their guilt
Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce
Entero Alagua! in His Vicar Christ
Himself a captive, and His mockery
Acted again! Lo! to His holy lip
The vinegar and gall once more applied!
And he ’twixt living robbers doomed to bleed!

Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty
Such violence cannot fill the measure up,
With no degree of sanction pushes on
Into the temple his yet eager sail."

He then utters a fervent prayer that the dignity of the Pope may be again restored, that, as the supreme father of Christendom, even kings and princes owe him homage and allegiance.

These are seeming contradictions. But one who knows well the condition of the State and Church of those days, and Dante's opinions and convictions regarding the temporal power, will view his conduct in another light. To him the Pope was spiritual ruler; the Pope-king he knew not. The empire was for the emperor. He was unalterably opposed to the temporal power of the Pope. He knew the history of the past ages: the Church's conflicts with civil princes, that can be traced to the possession of this power; the bitter-heated strifes with France were enacting before his very eyes; then comes the "Babylonian captivity" to confirm his convictions; the briberies practiced at papal elections. His political acumen and sagacity foresaw all the trials and tribulations that would yet result therefrom to the Church of Christ: the contest with Louis the Bavarian; the *Western Schism* with its train of misfortunes, etc. And all these, in some manner or other depend for their origin on the temporal power.

Dante has been accused of heresy. Some have even called him the precursor of the religious revolution of the 16th century. These accusations bear the brand of falsehood stamped squarely on their face; they are but the vain subterfuges of

those who must seek somewhere a commendation for their own guilty consciences. Certainly not a line in his works warrants the charge, unless by obstinacy and bigotry shown in wrangling the text. Dante is all orthodox, mouthing little critics to the contrary notwithstanding. Let them read the learned Salvanis' words, than whom Dante has not had a more gifted and a more judiciously unprejudiced commentator:

“And dost thou ask, what themes my mind engages?
The lonely hours I give to Dante's page,
And meet more sacred learning in his lines
Than I had gain'd from all the school-divines.”

Indeed, a susceptible exposition of human desires and experiences is presented to us by the vivid contrast of Dante's outer and inner life; the one so full of pains, sorrows, privations, humiliations, external degradations, the repulsive exterior circumstances so prolonged, so noble, so joyous, so replete with judicious exaltation, so incomprehensible in marvelous achievements. Elevation of character, manly dignity of unsurpassing tenderness and angelic sympathies, the earnestness of its moral exemplifications, its superiority of purpose and intention, give to the *Divina Comedia* an expression of nobility, integrity and truthfulness, that no other poem can hold with it an equal rank. One completes the reading of Dante's life and the study of his works with the firm conviction that he has held personal, intimate communication with one of the greatest intellects of all ages, with a man whose own high character and personality give to his poetry a most useful, a most elevated and abiding interest. *Alumnus.*

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EDITORIALS.

The annual retreat for the students was held this year on Feb. 5, 6, and 7th. It was conducted by Rev. Father Chrysostom Theobald, O. S. M. The Rev. retreat-master gained the attention and good will of the students at the very outset by the

sincerity and earnestness he evinced in the various exercises of the retreat. His meditations on the eternal truths were strong pleas for laying aside the vanities and deceits of the world, and in their stead he exhorted his hearers to live continually in the presence of God and always remember that "we are born for higher things." We feel grateful to the Rev. Father for his untiring efforts to make the retreat a success, and there is reason to believe that the seed sown into the hearts of the students during those three days of reflection fell upon good soil and that the fruit thereof will be of lasting quality.

It is certainly a cause for much alarm to behold the many men advocating from public platforms doctrines which have for their object lawlessness, disrespect for all forms of religious worship, and freedom of thought in religious belief. The impressions made upon the people by such men cannot help bringing about results of dire effect upon the nation. Under the garb of eloquence and polished diction these men propound statements and policies that in a less brilliant composition would appear fallacious even to the person of ordinary intelligence. And here is where the great harm is done by advocates of dangerous doctrines. The masses of people readily accept the above principles, because they are on the one hand unable to discriminate, and on the other hand the arguments are made all the more plausible because they appeal to a spirit of disobedience, license, and unrestraint to which man is so prone. The natural consequence of such a con-

dition of affairs is the increased corruption of social customs and the gradual aversion for law and order. The only safeguard of a nation is respect for its laws and the constant practice of religious worship. It should, therefore, be the endeavor of the sober minded people of the United States to put down this tendency towards irreverence of all constituted authority, for a government, and especially a republic like ours, that cannot command respect for its laws, will not long survive the storm of unbridled liberty. Obedience to law is the surest pledge of continued prosperity and progress in all that goes to insure these blessings.

During the past month Pope Leo XIII celebrated the 25th anniversary of his election to the Papacy. The occasion was one of great rejoicing throughout the entire Catholic world, the faithful joining the venerable Pontiff in commemorating an event which only two popes among the very many rulers of the Church since the time of St. Peter have been privileged to celebrate. The Holy Father is said to have expressed the sentiment that the occasion was the happiest day of his life, and well it might be, for it is a distinction of rare occurrence to rule the Church for a quarter of a century. Pope Leo is undoubtedly one of the greatest men living in the world to-day. His greatness is acknowledged not only by the people over whom he is the spiritual head, but also by people of every nation. Frequently he has been called upon to act as arbiter for the disputes between countries, and his decision was always satisfactory to all concerned. The diplomatic qualities of the

'grand old man' of the Vatican are too well known to need any further comment, suffice it to say that they are surpassed by few and go hand in hand with his profound knowledge of public affairs. Though not liberal, the reigning Pontiff is progressive in his ideas and gives his hearty co-operation to any worthy project that will promote the happiness and progress of mankind. Revered and loved by his flock, who recognize in him the head of the most perfect and most stable organization the world has ever known, respected and admired by all creeds and nationalities, all will sincerely wish that the venerable Pontiff may be spared for many years to come and that the shadow of paternal protection and the rays of sunshine which he spreads over the civilized world, may not be permitted to diminish in the rounding out of a glorious old age.

There is a movement in progress at the present time in this state to have a bill passed by the Indiana legislature providing for the proper care of youthful offenders. The subject, the so-called "Juvenile Courts," has been much discussed by the clergy, members of the legal profession, and business men in general. All give the measure their hearty approval, and every effort will be made to have the bill become a law, for there is no doubt about its desirability. It has for its object the uplifting and correction of boys who have been guilty of offences worthy of incarceration. Under its provisions no child can serve time in a police station or be given a jail sentence. It is not the intention of those advocating the bill to pal-

liate crime or lawlessness, but the object is to place these youths in proper hands and good surroundings, and give them a chance to mend their ways. This is certainly a move in the right direction, for if these youthful offenders would be sent to prison and made to commingle with hardened criminals and incorrigibles, in all probability they would be no better than their companions by the time their term of imprisonment had expired, and thus their chances of reform would be made all the more doubtful and difficult. There is scarcely anything more laudable than encouraging and piloting young people in the right path during the dangerous and pliable days of youth, and if you can keep a young man on the right path until he has reached a certain advanced age, you will in most cases find that after that period he has the stamina to conduct himself according to the principles of right living. Therefore, let this legal provision of the "Juvenile Courts" be enacted, and in a few years the wisdom of its passage will become manifestly apparent in the large number of upright and prosperous young men, who trace their success to the beneficent influences of this act of legal clemency.



For some months past we only heard the echoes of *St. Mary's Chimes*, but now its merry peals are again ringing in our Sanctum. None of our Exchanges has paid such an able and beautiful tribute to the reigning Monarch of Christendom, "the sage and poet of the Vatican," as does the *Chimes* in the article, "The Poems of Pope Leo XIII." "Mardi-Gras" and "The Thomas Concerts" are themes of modern interest, especially to the average reader. We are glad to notice that the musical taste at St. Mary's calls for art compositions and condemns the paltry 'ragtime'.

"Literary Impropriety" in the *Fleur de Lis* and the editorial "What Shall I Read," are able and interesting papers. The writer of the former composition scourges in plain, strong words, Mr. Gorse's fallacious argument, put up in defense of Swinburne's immorality. "Conventionalities being for the most part creatures of circumstances" he tells us, may at some time cease to be conventionalities but becoming "literary impropriety", may thus forfeit their claim to art. Yet he proves that immorality is "eternally and immutably improper"

and hence is not and can never be art. The editorial, it is true, does not overwhelm us with startling revelations, but some remarks are important to guide us in reading. We subjoin a few of them. After saying that every one should select such authors for reading that excel in those qualities of style in which ours is defective, the writer continues: "In addition to this remember that no man can deal effectually with a language without a knowledge and appreciation of its poetry.—Never believe that a single author is the be-all and the end-all of literary perfection. Never become a Ruskinite, a Macaulayite, a Newmanite."

Our friend from Chicago, the *S. V. C. Index*, has for several months been rather irregular in his visits. And when he finally would come straggling behind the others, and when we looked into his face, we thought it quite pale. We were about to conclude that his youthful vigor had already tired out when, halloa! there he is again as bright and sprightly as ever. The January and February numbers are highly commendable for abundance of literary matter and proficiency of style. "The Supernatural in Literature." "Pity the Indian" and an essay on Sidney Lanier especially are able compositions. "His Choice"—well, it seems to us a rather airy air-castle. The names of those Rev. Fathers are very familiar indeed. If the incidents ever see reality, then S. V. C. may remember that it was prophesied.

"The Origin of Art" and "The Rhine" are two papers of considerable interest in the *Pittsburg College Bulletin*. The latter is evidently not merely

an imagined description, but the thoughts of an eye-witness as the splendid sceneries unfurled themselves before his view. "Logic" is abridged text-book work and hence its style is rather mediocre.

The University of Ottawa Review contains a poem, "The Twilight of the Cross," which is unique and beautiful, one that would grace the pages of any publication. The writer of "Edmund Burke and our Present Social Conditions" handles the subject in an original manner. The article shows considerable research.

A neat little publication is the *School Echo* of San Francisco, Cal. We read with interest the thoughts, expressed with unaffected simplicity, in the poem "The Purification". The composition on "The Many Blessings that Accrue to Man from Animal Kingdom" deserves special notice.

We likewise thankfully acknowledge the receipts of the following journals:—*The Abbey Student*, *The Bee*, *Agnetian Monthly*, *The Dial*, *Fordham Monthly*, *The Laurel*, *The Columbiad*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *St. John's University Record*, *The Mountaineer*, *Mt. St. Mary's Record*, *Niagara Index*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Sacred Heart Collegian*, *The Riverview Student*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *St. John's Collegian*, *S. V. C. Student*, *St. Vincent's College Journal*, *The Xavier*, *The Young Eagle*, and *The Viatorian*.
A. A. Schuette, '03.

SOCIETY NOTES.

M. S. The Marian Sodality convened after High Mass, Sunday, Feb. 1, and after an address by the Rev. Moderator, elected the following officers: Prefect, Mr. R. Monnin; 1st asst. Prefect, Mr. W. Flaherty, 2nd asst. Prefect, Mr. E. Flaig. At a later meeting of the Moderator and chief officers, Mr. J. Braun was chosen as Secretary, and the following as consultors: Messrs. E. Wills, P. Welsh, H. Muhler, J. Diemert, J. Notheis, A. Schuette, A. Koenig, R. Schwieterman, O. Knapke, F. May.

C. L. S. The Columbians chose the following staff of officers at their regular meeting, Sunday, Feb. 15:—President, Mr. A. Schuette, Vice-President, Mr. R. Monin; Secretary, Mr. P. Welsh; Critic, Mr. I. Wagner; Treasurer, Mr. H. Muhler; Editor, Mr. J. Jones; Marshall, M. O'Connor; Ex.-Com. Messrs. J. Steinbrunner, J. Braun, C. Daniel.

The Columbians rendered a program Sunday evening, Feb. 15:—The following gentlemen were participants:—

Recitation, "Schools and Colleges", J. Lieser.

Debate:—Resolved: "That Lincoln did more for the United States than Washington." Aff:—J. Rieman,

and J. Lang. Neg:—C. Daniel and C. Myers.

Comic Recitation, "Jacob Strauss" Mr. J. Schmitz.

Declamatory Essay, "Individual Liberty"

..... H. Dahlinghaus.

Declamation, "True Honor" A. Sutter.

Farce:—"Spirit Rappings"

Messrs. Schmitz and W. Lieser.

The parts allotted to the gentlemen were well memorized.

On Washington's Birthday, Sunday Evening, Feb. 22: The Columbians rendered the following public program:—

Music, "Hail Columbia".....Band.

Recitation, "Gems of Poetry".....Mr. F. Didier.

Music, Piano Solo, "Sweet Auburn Waltzes" by

Prof. B. Dentinger.....Mr. J. Notheis.

Debate: Resolved: "That the Pulpit affords a better field for Eloquence than the Bar.".....

Aff. Mr. P. Welsh, Neg. Mr. I. Wagner.

Music, Piano Solo.....Mr. J. Lang

Essay, "Cheerfulness".....Mr. A. McGill.

Music, "Hugenots".....Band.

Dialogue from Julius Caesar, Brutus and Cassius

Brutus, Mr. J. Braun, Cassius, R. Monnin.

Music, "Banner of Freedom".....Band.

The program as a whole did not come up to the expectations of the audience. Mr. Didier's recitation was highly entertaining. The Debate was decided in favor of the Affirmative.

A. L. S. The Aloysian Literary Society elected the following staff of officers for the ensuing term: President, F. Gribba; Vice-President, J. McCarty; Librarian, C. Boeke; Editor, C. Fisher; Marshall, P. Thom; Ex. Com., Messrs. O'Donnell, Ottke, Fitzgerald.

The Aloysians rendered the following program Sunday evening, Mar. 1. Debate: J. McCarthy, C. Boeke. Declamation, Paul Miller; Comic Recitation, P. Thom; Recitation, R. Ottke; Recitation, P. Caesar. Dialogue, J. Miller and J. Sullivan.

I. A. Wagner, '04.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Pilkington Heir by Anna T. Sadlier, recently published by Benziger Bros., is a story which at once appeals to every Catholic heart. Replete with illustrations, it is written in an easy and pleasing style. The story deals with the history of an unnatural persecution, marked by the perfect resignation of the victims to the will of God. The plot is laid in the time of the War of 1812. Captain Pilkington, an officer of the American Army, leaves home on a secret mission. He is ambushed and shot, and his young child, at the instigation of a cousin of the murdered man, is abducted. The story then shows the attempts of the cousin to obtain possessions of the estate, his final undoing, and the re-union of the mother and child. It is to be greatly deplored that the price asked for our Catholic books is so excessive, still as they are all listed the same, *The Pilkington Heir* may be considered worth the price asked. Benziger Bros. Price 1.25. Howard J. Muhler, '05.

The Talisman by Anna T. Sadlier. The manner in which this story is introduced at once captivates the mind of the reader and is no less interesting throughout its various chapters. The whole is connected with the early history of our country, depicting the tyrannies which the English exercised upon the early settlers, stating the disappearing of the Charter, and above all, most vividly describing a night-attack by the Pequod Indians upon the peaceful village of Hartford.

Edward Manners, the youthful hero of the story, assists at the taking of the Charter and on the night of the attack, after many narrow escapes, fairly succeeds in giving the alarm and thus saves his town. He is captured in the exploit by the savages and conducted to their wigwams. His marvelous preservation as well as his final restoration to liberty are principally due to a reliquary which he always wore on his breast. Old Toby and Abigail are no less attractive, interspersing the tale with a humorous colloquy. The plot is nicely developed in a simple style, rendering its perusal delightful. Benziger Bros. Price 60cts.

A. Scheidler, '05.

ATHLETICS.

Owing to the untiring efforts of our Rev. Prefect, another new sport has been introduced at St. Joseph's, and that is basket-ball. The game is a good substitute for foot-ball and is an ideal winter sport. It is not as rough as foot-ball, and yet to become proficient in it, dexterity and quickness are required. A thorough knowledge of the game should be had before attempting to play it, as penalties for the infringement of the rules are numerous and costly.

Class teams have been organized and a regular schedule of games has been arranged between the various teams. Many good games have been played and a marked improvement in the teams is daily noticeable. Lack of space forbids me to re-

count each game in detail, so only the contending teams and scores can be given:

Feb. 18. the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen in a one sided game, the final score being 19-9. On the same date the II. Latins bit the dust by the overwhelming score of 22-0.

Feb. 22. the I. Commercial's defeated the crippled I. Latins by a score of 13-9, and the II. Latins went down before the Sophomores' score 13-10.

Feb. 25. the Freshmen team having been considerably strengthened overcame the I. Commercial's by the largest score of the season 34-7. The III. Commercial's after a finally contested game triumphed over the I. Latin, 9-7 being the score. The two only undefeated teams, the III. Commercial's and Sophomores were pitted against each other on March 1., and the final score was 11-3 in favor of the III. Commercial's.

The standing of the different teams is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
III. Commercial's	3	0	1.000
Sophomores	3	1	.800
Freshmen	1	1	.500
I. Commercial's	1	1	.500
II. Latin	0	2	.000
I. Latin	0	2	.000

Base-ball matters are progressing slowly and the representative team is only awaiting nice weather to begin out-door practice. The team wish to take this opportunity to express their thanks and gratitude to the Rev. Rector for the neat sweaters he has purchased for the team.

They supply a long-felt want and are a decided improvement on our uniforms.

The Victors present a natty appearance in their new caps and are to be congratulated upon the choice of the color which is very congenial, to say the least.

W. T. FLAHERTY, '94.

AN ENJOYABLE DAY.

March 3rd. was a general free day. Different races held on the north side campus occupied a part of the forenoon. The relay race, won by L. Monahan's team, consisting of himself, J. Smith, J. T. Sullivan, J. Hunt, was the principal feature. Special races were prepared for Co. C. When the races were over every body assembled in the Auditorium where they enjoyed a short entertainment consisting in boxing, jigging and speeches. The music was furnished by the Jolly Trio, with C. Meyers as violinist, J. Notheis at the piano, and P. Welsh with the clarionet. J. Burke, J. T. Sullivan, J. Hunt, and J. Weber, shook their feet for the special benefit of the audience. J. Smith entertained the house with one of his choice selections — "the street fakir". J. Bryan introduced a new feature and surprised the audience with many difficult feats of contortion. The boxing was a fine exhibition of the manly art. The day was in charge of the officers of the Military, and the report of the captains in the evening showed that a highly enjoyable time was experienced by all.

MILITARY NOTES.

On account of the vacancies in some of the military offices the following promotions have taken place.

Officers for Co. A.

Commander,	Adj. W. T. Flaherty
1st. Lieutenant	B. F. Quell
2nd. Lieutenant	J. J. Jones
1st. Sergeant	E. J. Cook
2nd. Sergeant	M. O'Connor

Officers for Co. B.

Commander	Capt. R. J. Halpin
* 1st. Lieutenant	N. A. Keller
2nd. Lieutenant	M. F. Shea
1st. Sergeant	J. A. Sullivan
2nd. Sergeant	J. M. Bryan

Co. C.

Commander	Maj. A. A. McGill
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With these new officers we may expect a good program for St. Joseph's Day.

J. A. B., '04.

PERSONALS.

The following have been visitors at the College during the month: Very Rev. Provincial B. Russ, C. PP. S., and Very Rev. B. Boebner, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio. Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind. Rev. G. Hoerstman, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. S. Kuhnmuensch, C. PP. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. Adolph Schoot, C. PP. S., Chicago, Ill. Rev. Cosmas Seeberger, C. PP. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. G. Wiese, Messrs. Geo and John Wiese, and Mr. J. Rupert, Reynolds, Ind. Mr. Chas. Hoffman, Winamac, Ind.



How do you feel, Bobby?

The Second Session began Feb. 2.

"Shine," throw some more light on the subject.

It isn't everybody that can pound a drum, says Alfred. You bet not!

Cook: "Howard, will you lend me your can opener." Howard: "Impossible."

Professor to Braun: "Why do we study Astronomy?" Braun: "I don't study it."

Hunt, while playing his first game of poker said, "I (eye) open'er for ten matches."

Bosco is getting tamed slowly, for he now pulls their fangs out before he eats them.

The four quickest means of communication—a telegraph, a telephone, Matthew and Ludger.

Whenever Lonsway and J. Smith have any difficulties, they are always settled a la Queensbury.

Holler: "What fruit would Paul resemble if he was mounted on a donkey." Ben: "A pear, I suppose."

In this number *The Collegian* appears in a new garb, which it will wear for the rest of this scholastic year.

To the students of the south side study-hall the conduct column is of as much interest of late as the locals.

The other day the thermometer fell out of the study-hall window. It was never known to have ever been so low.

Wanted for the basket-ball players:—Crutches, glass eyes, cork legs, brick pates, rubber noses and cast iron slats.

Some people have undoubtedly read of Billy Pinkerton. It is curious to observe how great men will be imitated.

The Raleigh Smokers wish to express their thanks to the Rev. Rector for the donations of a box of delicious cigars.

Some one was inquiring the other day what Bro. Herman does to while away time when the Smoking Room is closed.

The other day Bro. Bill started out with the boys on a sled, but when they came back the boys had Bro. Bill on a wagon.

Last week Knapke smashed his upper extremities against a transom in the study-hall door. They are still cleaning up.

A new nest, Daniel and Welsh. We are sorry to see that even some of the older fellows are becoming victims of *spooning*.

The Jockey Ball Club have for their manager J. Bryan, and J. Smith as captian. They promise to give the victors a close run on the diamond.

Mac: (to dancing trio) "Both of these three gentlemen will please step forward and entertain the audience for a little while by shaking their legs."

The Victors with their bright red caps and the Jockey Ball Club with their jockey caps (yellow and green) are cutting quite a figure around here.

Xavier incited to emulation is preparing a book on Misery Tales, which is at present very much needed. It has received very reliable approbations.

Mac, you want to be a little more careful in the selection of your songs for your choir and you may not have the misfortune of performing so many penances.

If you obey the rules you need not fast. If you fast you need not obey the rules. This is the reason why so many students are obeying the rules and fasting.

Professor: "What does the author mean to convey when he says that the man committed a foul deed." Camillus: (with wonderful penetration) "I suppose he stole some chickens."

Doctors say that mental depression usually comes from stomach trouble. Vic Meagher—

that's no German joke. Nothing makes one more (meagre) or low spirited than not having enough to eat.

It was too bad that DeKalb and Lafayette had to come over from England to attend the *previtious* meeting held at George Washington's well lighted and furnished apartments at Valley Forge. Of course, histories differ.

Since the adoption of the new laws, Ludger is obliged to quit thumbing to shreds and dog-ear-ing the dictionaries in the C. L. S. reading-room. It has also been noticed that he does not smell so much of the smoke-house as formerly.

Irish and Cook, who swore off smoking for some time have returned to their bad habits again. However, they have made the resolution to buy no tobacco during Lent, but they laid in a good supply of Duke's Mixture before hand.

The Victors intend to do some wonderful work on the diamond this year. They have new caps, and suits will be purchased for them by the Rev. Prefect. Undoubtedly they will present a grand appearance with their dainty red caps and tidy green suits.

Paul: "Have you got any tooth powder left for me?"

Dan: "No, but I can get you some good brick dust for your choppers."

Paul: "I don't think that my Polish stomach could digest that."

St. Joseph's is the fortunate recipient of a hundred volumes of useful and interesting literature

from the library of the late Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering, of Mishawaka, Ind. This is only another proof of the friendly feeling and interest which the lamented Dean of Mishawaka had for St. Joseph's, and shows that even in his last days on earth he was solicitous for the welfare of this institution.

Albert visited the printing office at the St. Joseph's Brother House the other day. He was very much impressed with what he saw around the shop, especially the big press. He exclaimed: "What is dat that makes de paper stick! Was it molasses?"

Rev. Andrew Gietl is again in charge of the Messenger and Botschafter at Collegeville. His many friends welcome him back to his former scenes of activity. Ad multos annos, this time, Father Gietl.

The authorities have had some very neat bulletins printed to inform parents and guardians of the monthly standing in class of their respective sons and wards. Boys, see to it that these bulletins are testimonies of which you may well feel proud, and as such may brighten the hopes and cheer the hearts of the receivers.

Hyacinth, the apprentice at *The Collegian* office, talks Latin with much ease and proficiency. The sound of the grand old language hurts Ben's eardrum, hence the differences of opinion which often arise between these two venerable gentlemen. Were it not for the timely interference of the Editor, woe to that "little bunch of chiskers on your whin," Ben. —Ach du Louie!—

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, B. Holler, R. Monnin, A. Schuette, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, J. Braun, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, B. Alt, H. Muhler, E. Cook, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, M. Bodine, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, M. Shea, B. Wellman, T. Quinlan, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, J. Schmitt, E. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, N. Allgeier, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Costello, W. Hoffman, M. Lang, G. Meier, J. Miller, P. Peiffer, W. Rieman, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, U. Reitz, T. Coyne, M. Schumacher, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Notheis, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz, J. Jones, J. Lang, C. Myers, A. Birkmeier, J. Burke, J. Ramp, C. Mason, J. Sullivan, J. Saccone, A. Saccone, E. Barnard, C. Sankot, J. Wiese, J. Weber.

90-95 PER CENT.

W. Flaherty, I. Wagner, V. Sibold, L. Monahan, J. A. Sullivan, M. O'Connor, E. Grimme, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, P. Thom, A. Delaney, E. Howe, P. Carlos, J. Grobmyer, J. Hunt, P. Caesar, G. Conlon, G. Ruppert.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, R. Monnin, A. Schuette, E. Flaig, I. Wagner, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, C. Grube, F. Didier, A. Koenig, P. Welsh, W. Flaherty, A. McGill, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, R. Rath, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, I. Collins, O. Hentges, H. Grube, F. May, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, E. Olberding, C. Kloeters, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, L. Burrows, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghaus, W. Lieser, J. Notheis, J. Grobmyer, J. Lieser.

84-90 PER CENT.

B. Holler, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, J. Braun, B. Alt, M. Bodine, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, V. Sibold, M. Shea, V. Meagher, J. Becker, M. Helmig, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, E. Freiburger, J. O'Donnell, E. Vurpillat, N. Allgeier, A. Delaney, J. Costello, W. Hoffman, E. Howe, J. Miller, W. Rieman, A. Scherrieb, U. Reitz, F. Coyne, M. Schumacher, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz, J. Lang, P. Carlos, C. Myers, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Ramp, J. Sullivan, L. Bergman, P. Miller, J. Saccone, C. Sankot, G. Ruppert, J. Wiese, J. Weber, C. Conlon.